Tonight is for the Two of Us

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Tonight is for the Two of Us

by DroppedAllTheseOreos

Summary

On one of their odd jobs, Gerg gets hurt and Fuma learns about a secret he's been hiding.

Notes

AAAAA okay so I just finished Taiga yesterday and it's officially my favorite Ultra show, maybe even my favorite Toku now, and then I got to listen to the drama CDs and Fuma's backstory... of the Tri-Squad he was already my fave and now... ;a; I love him and Gerg so much.

Title from Kennie's Northern Lights! I highly recommend her songs, so if you get the chance to check her out, please go for it! The lyrics I chose for the title aren't exactly the feeling of this but the song itself is the vibe I was going for since it sounds like aurora borealis to me.

See the end of the work for more notes

Something was wrong with Gerg. As much as he tried to hide it, Fuma was bound to notice it at some point or another.

It started as little things. Things he noted as strange. How Gerg wouldn't change out of his cold-weather gear in front of Fuma, or how he woke up earlier than usual to soak in what little sun they could get before the clouds rolled in each morning. Fuma noted them as strange but decided to pass them off as Gerg-isms, even if they were suspicious for a guy who showed up naked to an icy hike up a mountain.

The strange things started to stack up and Fuma started to question them, but Gerg brushed him off with gentle, toothy grins every time. Even when Fuma pried or acted like he didn't care, Gerg wouldn't budge. For someone whose philosophy was to be as flowing as water, he sure was a stubborn jerk right now.

Well, it wasn't like Fuma cared or anything.

If Gerg didn't want to open up, that was his choice, even if it stung. Fuma thought they were finally getting closer, but maybe that wasn't the case since Gerg was very obviously shutting him back out.

The next day, they got a request to go further up the mountain and take some supplies to a woodcutter who lived out there. It should've just been routine, but some explorers wanting to go to Warrior's Peak must've scared some wolves away from their territory. They were out in full force today.

Fuma still wasn't great at moving the way that Gerg could, but he did manage to figure out the energy shuriken thing decently enough. As much as he hated it, their workaround for situations like this was for Gerg to carry him around in one pair of arms while the other pair and Fuma took care of any fighting that needed to be done.

Out maneuvering the wolves should've been easy enough for them, but Gerg was slower today. He landed unsteadily in the snow, and a wolf managed to clamp their jaws around his calf. As he stifled a shout of pain, Fuma fired a shuriken at the wolf to scare it off, then pushed himself out of Gerg's arms.

"We're closer to the cabin, head there, I'll be right behind you!" Fuma shouted at him. Gerg started running up the mountain, the wound not really slowing him down. Maybe shock was keeping him from feeling it just yet. Still, he was only at a normal run like this, so Fuma stayed right on his heels, keeping an eye on the wolves as they retreated. Fortunately, they managed to make it up the path without much incident and safely made it to the woodcutter's home.

Once they were safely inside, the woodcutter let them stay the night while they got Gerg's wounds patched up. As the monster took his clothes off, his body, usually coated in a thin layer of mucus, was now covered in icy patches. Even in the places that should've stayed warm, like his armpits and his belly where the clothes bunched up or were heavily layered on him.

Fuma rushed over to him and grabbed him by the shoulders, shaking him a little, "You idiot! It's been this cold for you and you never said anything?"

Gerg's shoulders drew up slightly, but he didn't avert his eyes, "I didn't think it was necessary. You already got me these clothes."

"WE CAN GET YOU MORE," Fuma yelled, and Gerg immediately put a finger to his lips to shush him. Fuma's face, already warm from anger, was now even redder and hotter from the intimate contact.

A soft chime of laughter broke the moment between them and, they looked up to see the woodcutter hiding her smile behind a fist. "I'll start the fire then give you two some space."

The awkwardness of the next few moments was only lessened by the clacking of the fire rocks against each other, the crackle of the flames, then the soft thumps of the woodcutter's boots against the floor. When she shut the door behind her, Fuma and Gerg's eyes met again. The fish man slowly lowered his hand from Fuma's lips, the side of his finger gently brushing against him, making his cheeks flare up even hotter.

Fuma tried his best to turn his shuddering exhale into a frustrated huff, then stomped over to the futon the woodcutter left out for them. He patted it next to him and Gerg slowly made his way over. Fuma made sure he was on the side closest to the fire, then took one of their water canteens and poured it out on a rag. As Gerg started to defrost, Fuma wiped at his skin, doing his best to rehydrate him until Gerg looked more like his normally slick, scaly self.

Finally feeling reassured that he was going to be okay, Fuma threw himself down onto the pillows and futon, wrapping himself up in the blanket with his back turned to Gerg.

A soft, clawed hand wrapped around his shoulder. "You still mad?"

"We're getting you warmer clothes when we get back, 'kay? No arguments."

Gerg chuckled warmly, "Okay." Then he laid down next to Fuma.

Even through the thick blanket they were given, Fuma could feel how *cold* he still was. Ugh, what a pain.

Fuma opened up the blankets and pulled Gerg under with him, shuddering as his body chill reached through his clothes.

"Hmph, you know, being the one with four arms, you oughta be holding me, so you better be grateful,"

Fuma grumbled as he molded his body to Gerg's and squeezed him even closer.

Gerg chuckled softly and nuzzled into the crook of Fuma's neck, making the humanoid shiver at the feel of the grinning fangs pressed against his skin.

"Oh? You suddenly feel warmer," Gerg breathed against his neck, and Fuma spluttered, suddenly aware of the warmth in his cheeks. His face was probably bright red from how hot

he felt, and it got even warmer as Gerg cuddled even closer, pulling him tight to soak in more of the heat. Fuma kept stuttering, trying to find something to say to that. But in all the time he was fumbling for words, Gerg fell asleep, softly snoring right into his ear. Fuma grumbled that he wouldn't be able to sleep with all that noise and how Gerg owed him big time. But in minutes, Fuma was asleep in his arms.

End Notes

If I accidentally called Gerg “Greg” I’m sorry lol

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